

"I may not agree with what you say, but I shall defend to the death your right to say it."
—Voltaire.

"Life is a comedy to those who act like fools and a tragedy to those who are not acting."
—Anonymous.

the acorn

Vol. XI.

Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Wednesday, January 28, 1953

No. 3

ALL COLLEGE OFFICERS CHOSEN COTTER, SCANNELL, HAYES, AND TOMOLONIUS ELECTED

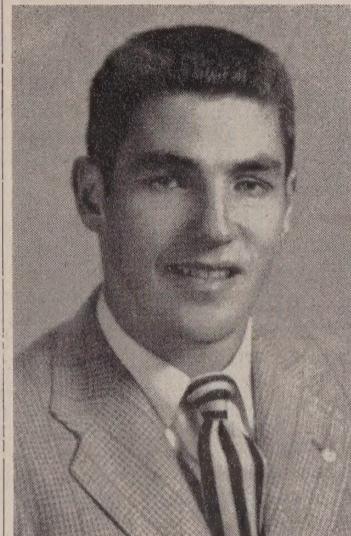
Was It Worth It?

CAROLYN WAINWRIGHT

The Christmas vacation has just come to an end and I wonder if anyone else is beginning to think that it wasn't worth it. When in grade school, a holiday vacation meant that you had absolutely nothing to do during that time except enjoy yourself. Oh, to be young again! For most college students it means walking the streets delivering mail, working in a grocery or department store, or doing that holiday housework. A holiday isn't a holiday of rest and enjoyment when you get into college, unless you have enough energy left after work to enjoy yourself.

Then to top things off, is the fact that the end of this month brings semester examinations. Now any wise and studious college pupil would have reviewed a chapter a day of each different subject during the vacation, but who had the time to do that? Certainly not I! How about you? Like myself, you probably found it difficult to get through half of your subjects, never mind all of them.

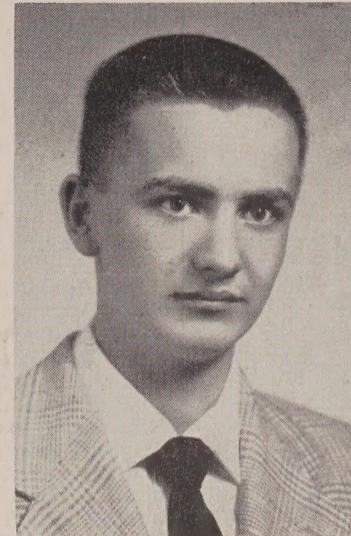
To us freshmen, this seems terribly "tough". Yet after listening



JOHN HAYES



WILLIAM COTTER



DAVID TOMOLONIUS

William Cotter, Joseph Scannell, John Hayes and David Tomolonius were named All-College President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer respectively.

Sponsored by **The Acorn**, the All-College Officers campaign was designed to find four individuals who are indicative of the all-round college student. Each class in the college had the opportunity to nominate a person from its ranks for the four various All-College positions.

Open to the Seniors was the office of President; the Juniors nominated for the Vice-Presidency; the Sophomores gave nominees for the position of Secretary; and the Freshmen nominated for the position of Treasurer.

In a college-wide balloting, students voted for four out of the twelve candidates, arriving at the results indicated.

The Acorn feels that it has found four representative students who indeed could be matched successfully with students from other institutions of higher learning. The Editors wish to thank the student body for its excellent cooperation.

Museum Started At W. S. T. C.

An industrial, economic, and geographic museum of raw materials and products of major industries in the United States has been started by Mr. Wensel Moberg of the Geography Department.

Mr. Moberg has sent letters of inquiry and request to over thirty companies of national and international importance. The purpose for this being, the obtaining of a representative product, raw or finished from each company. Some of these companies are:

Shell Oil Co., Norton Co., American Bobbin Co., Bay State Abrasives Co., National Lead Co., American Felt Co., Felter's Co., Kaiser Wool and Chemical Co., Marathon Corporation, makers of paper products, American Steel and Wire Co., American Optical Co., Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., American Brass Co., Commonwealth Plastics, Dupont, Certain Teed Products Corporation, makers of gypsum building products, Barre Granite Co., Allan Rogers Corporation, makers of dowels, Armstrong Cork Co., and the National Lead Co.

While at North Dakota State Agricultural College, Mr. Moberg, who was an assistant professor in Geology, built up a museum similar to the one at our college.

An Open Letter to the Students and Faculty of W.S.T.C.

Thanks to all those who helped make the Freshman Dance such a huge success, either by your contribution of food, or by your actual assistance in decorating, chaperoning, managing the records, or serving.

Thanks very much,

DONALD HORAN,
Social Chairman,
Freshman Class.

FROM THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society concluded its first semester this year by participation in an Inter-college Novice Debate Tournament at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, January 12. The Society entered two teams, one affirmative and one negative. Participating for the affirmative were Madeline Proulx and Bernice Gorman of the Junior class and Alice Nugent and Louise A. Agurkis of the Sophomore class for the negative. Richard L. Clifford, former president of the Society participated as a critic judge.

Other Worcester colleges participating were Holy Cross, Clark University and Worcester Tech.

W. S. T. C. SOCIAL CALENDAR

January, 1953 — June, 1953

March 17—Sub-Freshman Day.

April 3—Good Friday—
No Classes.

10—Sophomore Prom.
(MAY QUEEN)

10—Guidance Institute.

17—Vacation.

27—College Reopens.

May 9—Scholarship Tea.

30—Memorial Day.

31—Baccalaureate Sunday.

June 4—Examinations.

5—Class Day.

6—Alumni Day.

7—Commencement.

Opinion Please?

By DICK NUTTALL

This month's question has to do with an honor system here in the college. This is the question: "Do you think an honor system here at S.T.C. would work? Why or why not?"

For those of you to whom the meaning of an honor system is vague, let me explain. An honor system is one in which the students are left on their honor during an examination. The professor leaves the examination room, and the students are free to take the examination and leave when they are ready. I know of several colleges where this plan has been put into effect and has worked out very successfully. But on the other side of the ledger, there are colleges where this plan has not worked because the students would not let it work.

Do all of us know what to be put on our honor means? Certainly we as the future teachers of America should know what it means to be on our honor.

I'm all in favor for such a plan (if the administration so decides) because I know that the students here at S.T.C. would come through with flying colors. Now for the opinions of your classmates:

J. T. "You bet I'm in favor. I'm sure that the students would prove worthy."

M. F. "Yes, I think that an honor system would work. If we were put on our honor, none of us would want to crib, because of the fact that we'd only be hurting our own characters."

L. M. "We have to be trusted sometime, don't we? How can we prove whether or not we can be trusted if we aren't given a chance?"

R. T. "An honor system would be just the thing. The kids wouldn't want to do anything wrong during an exam if they knew that they felt they were being trusted to do the right thing."

S. M. After we took our exam, we could sign a paper saying that during the course of the exam that we neither took nor gave any information. In this way, no one would dare to cheat."

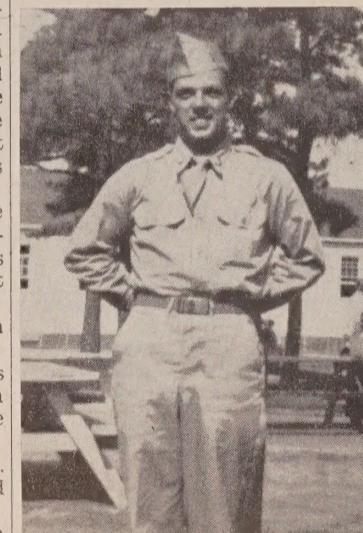
P. L. "I say let's 'get on the ball' and have an honor system. Almost all of the other colleges and universities have one, why can't we?"

As you can see, all of the students with whom I spoke are real-

ly in favor of an honor system. Of course, I haven't spoken to any of the faculty members about this little idea, but I would welcome any thoughts on the subject by either a member of the faculty or a member of the student body.

Winter Carnival Huge Success

W.S.T.C. Alumnus Appointed Army Instructor



PVT GERALD GOWEN

As a result of national competitive examinations and interviews Pvt. Gerald Gowen, 89 Ossipee Road, Somerville, Mass., has been assigned to Puerto Rico as an English Language instructor. Pvt. Gowen is a member of the class of 1952 of Worcester State Teachers College. He was a member of the teaching staff of Quincy, Mass. before being drafted into the armed service.

P. S. FROM THE LITERARY CLUB

Activity! Activity! Activity! The hustle and bustle on December 16, 1952 was heard quite clearly resounding from room 36.

Five little girls from St. Anne's Orphanage were entertained by the Literary Club. Refreshments and games made up the program. The biggest event of course, occur-

January 16-17 proved to be a new and wonderful experience for all W.S.T.C., for the first Winter Carnival in our college's history was held. With the warm reception accorded the weekend, the event may well become an annual event.

Sponsored jointly by the M.A.A. and the W.A.A., the purpose of the Winter Carnival was not only to delight and entertain W.S.T.C. students and friends, but to raise money for a scholarship fund.

Gerald Mossessian and Jean Favreau were General Chairmen.

The following committees were set up:

Variety Show—Chairmen: Tom Sheahan, Charles Cozzens, and James McSherry; Basketball Game—Chairmen: Bob Hill and John Kane; Sports Dance—Chairmen: Paul O'Day and Pat McGuire; Snow Sculpture—Chairman: John McGrail; Refreshments—Chairmen: Carole Cormier, Joan Halliday, and Gerald Sandler; Prom—Chairmen: John Keaney and Carol Johnson.

red as Santa arrived with an overflowing "pack full of toys."

Santa was gracious and took each child upon his lap to find out what each child wanted for Christmas. Has anybody asked "ye olde editor" what he asked of Santa while neatly sitting on his knee? Better still, did you get it, Gerry?

After the children took a "tour" of the building, they were bundled off and whisked back to the orphanage with gifts and treats for the other children.

Plans are now being prepared for a guest speaker who will discuss Shakespeare. The question is: "To come or not to come"; THE ANSWER — come during the month of February to hear the Literary Club's speaker on Shakespeare.

JANUARY 30 SOPHOMORE DANCE

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ANOTHER YEAR OF 365 DAYS

January 1, 1953 sounds very formidable. Upon this date a lifetime hinges and from this time events are recorded for posterity. In the time of an earth revolution men and women have hung precariously to life and have yielded to death, and others are born to carry on the greatest experiment formulated by a higher being—the Human Race.

The by-products of this experiment are things tangible and abstract. Man's mind easily accepts that which he sees and touches; his beliefs though are more real when he senses that which is not matter. In other words Man has Faith, which leads him to believe in the unbelievable, and to sense that which is neither seen nor felt.

But not all by-products are good. There is confusion and doubt, hatred and fear, which constantly battle love, order, and idealism. It is the challenge to man, to either yield to these evils or vanquish the faults of life. In 1952, these things still existed; in 1953 they need not. When do we start helping ourselves? We have many days but few moments to waste. There is the constant challenge waiting to be accepted.

THE SECOND SEMESTER

For freshman this academic period of study must seem to be a formidable adversary which needs constant repulsion. Sophomores face the half-way point to graduation and the inevitable decision of in what to major. The juniors divide into two segments of study; one, apprentice teaching and the other, a continuation of secondary study. The seniors realize the second semester as the final one of many passed. They are at that wonderful and awesome door called "commencement."

There are still months of activity left, activity which should be both purposeful and well-directed. With many students come many purposes; may they all be achieved.

The Editor wishes the student body success and good luck.

SNOW! SNOW! SNOW!

The first snow storm has descended upon our college and what was plain red brick and gray grass, is now white marble and crystalline grass and shrubbery. Worcester Teachers College is at last officially snowbound!

Let's enjoy it, but most of all be extremely careful of ourselves and above all the other fellow.

The Record Player

By DOUG WEEKS

Toscanini recently released his recording of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony. He had recorded it five other times in the past two decades, but this recording is the first to meet his approval. The critics have attacked it severely; they always will. Moreover, of the other six recordings of the same work not one has pleased all the critics. The gist of the matter is that the customer should be his own critic—regardless of what other people say. This creates a sense of excitement in purchasing longplay discs (LP's) and makes the customer more judicious in his purchases. In the case of the Beethoven Ninth, I had previously said that I would buy the old Weingartner, Vienna Philharmonic set, but on hearing it I find that while it is still a good set the recording shows its age (approx. 1937). Of the remaining sets conducted by Koussevitzky, or Bruno Walter, Ormandy, Scherchen, or Kleiber, I would now choose the Toscanini. The soloists in this set are good—the parts are truly beyond the capacities of the human voice in many places—and the chorus, the Robert Shaw Chorale is a favorite with me. The orchestra, conductor, and recording are technically fine and the spirit of the whole thing is strict and moving and will stand many hearings.

In buying records I like to try new works by familiar composers, or I look up other recordings of any one artist, or, as in the case of chamber music, it required a plunge that took a lot of courage to buy a Beethoven Quartet especially as there were so many other recordings I would like to have had. Chamber music now forms about one-third of my collection (including lieder and songs); opera, another difficult field another third; and solo work the remaining portion. Some people ask me about a particular recording. I give them my opinion but in the end it is up to them to choose. They know their taste better than I. Usually my best suggestions are general, but there is one point that I like to emphasize, that is get away from the most familiar things. Take Chopin for instance. A lot of people like his works for solo piano, yet how many know his two very fine piano concertos? They are quite different in some respects and thoroughly enjoyable. Rachmaninoff is another favorite, yet his seldom heard Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini for piano and orchestra is an intriguing work (there is a recording which is tops of Rachmaninoff playing

the solo part). If you would like something different try the Chopin Piano Sonatas and the Rachmaninoff Symphony No. 2 with the Minneapolis Symphony, Mitropoulos conducting. These works, like some others, take more than casual listening but the reward comes with repeated playings. If you would like something with real zip in it, try the Falla complete recording of the Three Cornered Hat—a Spanish ballet. I guess the only other work of Falla's with as much zip is the El Amor Brujo. One of the finest operas ever written has just been superbly recorded, Moussorgsky's Boris Godounoff, with Christoff in the title role and Issay Dobrowen conducting. The opera is set during the time of the Czars and is based upon an actual historic intrigue to seize the Czardom from a young Czaravitch—and the very dramatic consequences.

Listening to music is all very fine, but meeting musicians, going to concerts and so forth makes more lively interest. If you know of no one who plays in an orchestra etc., then try going to the Boston Pops (April-June), it's loads of fun, especially the 50c rush tickets. There is a great deal of preparation to music and concerts give a better appreciation of the work that goes into the neatly packaged records.

Notice on W. S. C.'s bulletin board: Did anyone find a red wallet? The wallet isn't worth much, but the money has a sentimental value.

EXPERIMENTS, LTD.

The Also Beautiful

Beware the also beautiful and strange
that beckons near the corners of your eyes
and then to far horizons lightly flies.
Heed not the fair that lingers out of range
to lure unwary weaklings from contention
with furious fanfare and with banners bright
to hold, and be-held,
and be lost from sight...
You'll simper and you'll smile without resentment—
what else is there to do?
The bars are near,
but their drinks are weak with melted ice.
They'll find you tomorrow.
Now won't that be nice!
But what's the difference—
drowning there or here?
So cup your present beauty in your hand;
The also beautiful sifts through like sand.

ROD BARRY.

SPLINTERS . . .

A Soda-jerk's life . . . these people who buy coffee and never drink it . . . the coke addicts . . . small urchins with their monotonous: "Kin I have a drink of water?" old ladies who address you as "Girlie" . . . little boys who call you: "Ma'am" . . . the dreamers who just sit and stare . . . teenagers who let the world know who was seen with whom and why and where . . . people who have you name all flavors of ice cream and then choose vanilla . . . the "economist" who gets two cups of tea from one tea bag . . . club women who order hot fudge sundaes without the whipped cream, dear, but plenty of hot fudge . . . the Houdini type who orders a soda and then disappears into a phone booth . . . people who leave tips are most always strangers in the city . . . the sweet old lady who comes in regularly to order her tea and toast . . . the gentleman who buys a "Kentucky Wake-up" (bromo) the bus drivers who really mean it when they say: "I gotta catch a bus" . . . the college students in polo coats and white

shoes . . . these women who wear smear-proof lipstick which does smear—on the cups—the nervous type who chews the straws or plays: "she-loves-me loves-me-not with them . . . conversation which fringes on the: "so I says to him and he says to me" type . . . the catty women as soon as one of their group leaves . . . the sink which fills up with dishes . . . the tense silence after the shattering of a glass . . . the coffee which spills . . . the cold butter which won't spread on fresh bread . . . the ring of the cash register . . . the stream of steady talk . . . the bright cheerful faces . . . the bitter pitiful ones . . . the cries of "more cream" . . . "thank you" . . . the dead silence after the last customer.

T. G. B.

The Assayist

Traditionally, humanity becomes nostalgic for a deceased year, a minute after the year has become past tense. The day after "old year," humanity sets up

boards of review to determine what the BESTS of the "old year" have been. Lacking sadly though in these investigations are the really personal and vital statistics of Mr. and Mrs. Human Race. Incidents of innocence and homely quality are by-passed for lurid and tragic moments; the "old year" is then remembered for its tragedy and not its enlightened moments.

A need seems to be created for such a post mortem. Now, I ask you where does this need lie; is it even a need? LIFE may do an article on the outstanding incidents of 19 — —, yet there are even incidents which LIFE does not penetrate. These are the noteworthy kindnesses and considerations of man to man. Hence I challenge any publication or group to state that there can only be a certain number of outstanding events in any year.

With this thought in mind, let us not review 1952 with a fierce critical analysis or with fear and trepidation. But, rather let us evince a benevolent understanding that much is accomplished without

heralding; that all is not ballyhoo; that there are those who do things under the guise of simplicity and in doing so risk oblivion.

Nothing more can be expected from 1952; so in launching 1953, let us set our standards of achievement on a pinnacle called Success, with its being a constant factor of daily existence—not one for detailed review in 1954.

Alpha-Omega

Life is a painted veil . . .
Death is its unmasking.
Life is a painted veil,
A flimsy substance too soon shattered;
Death is unbreakable.
Life is a painted veil
To be worn in caprice,
To be clasped round one's heart
in age;
The faded colors are once-distant
Harkenings of age drawn near;
Immortality is close.
Life is a painted veil . . .
Death is the final unmasking.

GERALD SANDLER.

how soon the sound?

tom tom resonance
quiver my heart
(sound is a beautiful thing)
bugle blasting by
my throat
(sound is a beautiful thing)
tingling glass on a Japanese porch
wailing song in a London street
symphony plays in a New York
hall—there is one more to teach.

CLINTON E. BOUTWELL.

The Editors of THE ACORN are glad to receive any contributions of poetry, essays, or short stories from the student body or faculty.

Patronize Our Advertisers

the symposium

clinton e. boutwell jr.

Is the United Nations Worthwhile?

Since the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Spain in 1898 until today, the citizens of our country have not felt secure. From 1900 to 1918 they lived in fear of war from Europe; from 1920 until 1939 they waited for the League of Nations to bring "one-worldism" into reality; and from the end of the Second World War they have silently watched the United Nations struggle in its quest for peace.

When Franklin Roosevelt instigated the plan for world government, which was later carried out at San Francisco under Harry Truman, all the idealism, hope, and prayers of the United States public supported it. The democratic movement in the world was adrenalized with this new wonder drug . . . one world. Slowly the organization took form until it was molded into a strong, forceful body. All nations sent representatives . . . England, Russia, France, India, etc. . . nations of all shades. But almost as soon as its inception trouble came: Russia and the United States could not see eye to eye; in fact they could not see at all.

Soon full scale antagonism developed between these powers. Russia calling the U. S. and Britain "warmongers" and the U. S. calling Russia a "menace to the peace"; and both calling the other the "spoiler of the peace." Cliques developed. Russia, in control of Eastern Europe, bound these nations into a straight-vote block; the U. S., with the Western countries, forming a counter-block. Issues coming before this world tribunal, if supported by one block was rebuked by the other. Distrust of motives grew while at home at the United States people grew apprehensive.

In the U. S. there had been very small minorities that opposed the United Nations, saying that "America should remain American." But at the embryonic stage of the United Nations development their voices were inconsequential to public opinion. Now, as dissension reigned in the U. N. chambers, they condemned more fervently the U. N. and all that it stood for. They pointed out that the U. N. instead of saving the peace was sowing seeds for its destruction. And with the growing tension and threat of war they gained support. Public opinion wavered . . . and is wavering now.

The League of Nations failed because the nations of the world failed to use it as a meeting ground to settle world disputes and problems but rather as an ephemeral entity for self-aggrandizement. Little was done about the bold thrust and violations of Germany, Italy, and Japan, which later lead to war. The U. N. is facing that danger now. Split into factions, as it is now, the tendency might be to support it less. Is this a wise course? Some think not.

The most imperative issue facing the world today is continuing the peace. The last remaining bulwark to war is the United Nations.

Every means to preserve the peace should be employed. This does not mean senseless appeasement, appeasement of others' sovereignty, but it does mean that compromise should be used; that divergent ideas should be integrated rather than staunchly defended as absolute truths; that true conciliation and arbitration should rule; that economic, educational, and diplomatic advancement be emphasized rather than political advantages, which history has proven to be short-lived. With these things and loyal public support, mutual distrust will be banished.

The United Nations can work. It needs our support. Unpublicized committees and sections of the U. N. have accomplished much. The cultural

(Continued on Page 4)

GLEE CLUB CONCERT FEBRUARY 2

ACORNITIS

Freshman Fancies

Ann Sweeny spending her spare moments with a certain Junior . . . Larry Bettley centering interests toward Greendale way . . . All School Elections turned up plenty of interest . . . Chick Simon, diminutive forward at school, currently "hooping" them up at Ionic avenue . . . Tom Sheahan, hypnotizing nurses . . . What's the secret, T.? . . . I would say Florine is partial to Red-Heads . . . Wot say, John? . . . Andy Nicholas, National Honor Society Member, keeping up the good work. Andy also won the English medal . . . Stephanie Pessagna teaching tots to toddle to music . . . Jack Warner turning philosopher . . . he'll be all right! . . . Carolyn Wainwright and Maggie Shuber double-dated over the long vacation.

Words of Wisdom . . . Men Follow Not He Who Leads Them, But He Who Is A Leader! Christmas Coffers Plied With Plenty . . . WE SAW: Dave Shea in Sherer's, Flo Severance in Kennedy's, Stitch Sullivan and Andy Nicholas at Barnards. Helping Uncle Sam With the Mail . . . Bob Johnson, Tom Sheahan, Larry Bettley, Bob Ashe, and Big Ben!

Hail The Coming Year!

Sophomore Quips

We had some trouble collecting news this month because our Sophs were out apprenticing (?) and away from under our watchful eyes! But despite all obstacles, we succeeded in catching a bit here, and a little bit there, here a bit—there a bit, everywhere a bit, bit, etc. . . . anyway, here is the mad jumble:

Sophs held miniature classes in all department stores being more evenly represented in Liggett's, the Mayflower, and the Sheraton. Gee, but it's nice to work. In a CITY-WIDE POLL the sales talks of the Sophomores of W.S.T.C. were found to be the best because of their great knowledge of children and child habits.

Did you kids spend Christmas vacation studying as much as we did? You know what we mean: the term papers, critical evaluations, history books, maps, etc. Surely these must be all DONE! Yet what is this we hear in the corridors:

"OOOhhh—term paper due tomorrow . . ."

"OOOhhh—I've got THREE more history books to report upon!"

"OOOhhh—Busy every night. How'm I gonna get my twentieth century novel finished!"

"Mr. Moberg . . . pleasse . . . one more week!"

WANT TO PASS MID-YEARS then have a few night-watches at the old homestead (in isolation of course!)

Oh, before we forget, we'd like to give you a wonderful recipe that will assure you a culinary success with a boy or girl friend:

Take three beakers of water, add them to an empty overflow can, add a rock, weigh it and stir. Keep stirring until you or someone else finds out what you've got. We're still trying!

Junior Observations

Here I am again . . . I haven't seen too much of you since before Christmas vacation . . . FLASH! . . . a correction . . . Terry Babidge's brother isn't 6'2, he's 6'5 . . . Does Bob Cusick always read "Dennis the Menace" in class? . . . Is Lucy DiMasi doing the double treble or the triple treble in her crocheting lately? . . . Why was Ann Ward so-o-o tired on Monday, January 5th? Could it be that her sailor boy friend was home for Christmas? . . . Will Jackie Lupien finally meet her tall blonde boy friend (that dream

man) from Springfield College? . . . Tune in next month and find out! . . . The Agony Trio—Ann Doyle (with the varnished hands), Peg Carty (doll!), and Mary Whalen (the dutch girl) . . . John Keaney is still trying (hopelessly) to collect Newman Club dues . . . Bob Hill had to leave Ritchie Burke in Easton's the other day so that he could call Shirley. What were the waitresses laughing about, Bob? . . . Paige Rowden, Janet Ostergard, Maddy Proulx, Dot Potter, and Mary Perry forgot their reports in a recent class . . . made things convenient, a lot of well-needed studying was done . . . Please, Kujala twins, give us a break and stop dressing alike . . . Does Red Durkin always carry a pocketbook, or was he just in a fashion show that day? . . . Joan Sheerin has been seen with a handsome hunk of man lately . . . introduce us, Joan! . . . Have you heard any of Grace Adeljan's jokes (?) ? . . . they're cute, I guess . . . Eileen Gould received a hope chest for Christmas . . . Congratulations! . . . Most of us are still hoping . . . Is it Pat O'Connell that is copying Mamie's bangs or vice versa . . . I'd say that Pat had them first . . . QUOTABLE QUOTES' Rosemary Burns . . . "He's just my Bill!"

Eileen Gould—"Berenice Gorman is writing her term paper on The Psychological Background and the Education of Dennis the Menace."

Claire Abrazinski—"Please come with me while I buy a blouse."

Nancy Jones—"My hands are never cold!"

Eileen Cullinane—"They're my cards and I'm playing."

J. McGrail—"Have you seen Pat waiting 'til play rehearsal is over."

Mince McMenemy—"I'm still 'Galloping Mince!'

Eleanor Bettley—"Another overdue library book!"

Dick Nuttall—"Determine it by the book you're using."

Pat Cunningham—"I get all my homework done this hour."

Peg Curran—"His name is Dick, and he's from (shall we print it?) Holy Cross."

Mary Celona—"And its' all over my pocketbook (the ink, of course.)"

Marie Doherty—"I haven't got a thing done!"

Dot Doone—"I'll never play Badminton!"

Jean Spittler—"Oh! Pish!"

Dolores Lord—"My blouse is not . . ."

Carole Hoey—"We have a patient in the back of the room." (Jane Grady has a nosebleed—get the first aid books, girls.)

Carol Johnson—"It's John's sweater."

Ev Litchfield—"Did I tell you about the little boy that bets his television set on . . . etc., etc."

Ann Joudrey—"Who took my cigarettes?"

Mary Perry—"Sorry, it isn't registered."

Oops! Almost forgot . . . Girls! Need any help in First Aid, ask Janet Ostergard . . . Gert Cooney is also a very obliging stretcher patient . . . what makes Ginnie Dolan and Grace Creedon talk about food so much lately? . . . From what we heard, Ginnie ate like a horse! . . . Dot McLoughlin and Margaret McMasters find a lot to talk about . . . do you wind each other up when you run down? . . . Well, I hope I haven't missed anyone or anything, but if I have . . .

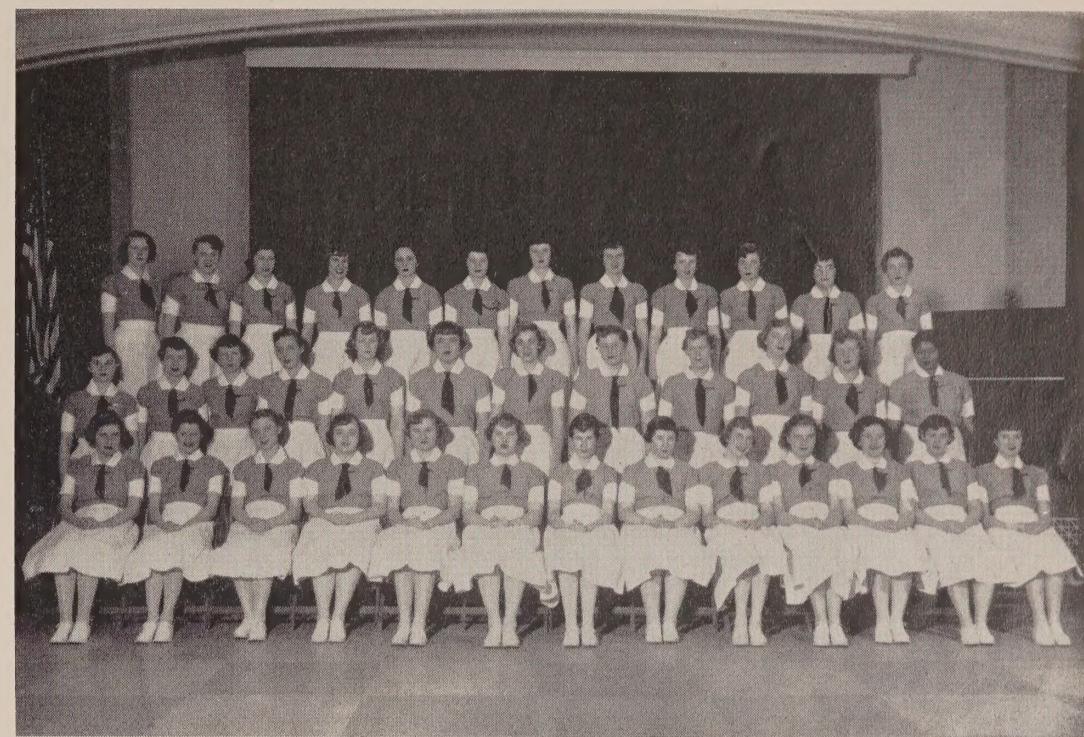
Until the next issue . . . Boys and Girls, have no fears. But, Fellows, use a tissue. If she says her lipstick smears!

"TESSIE".

The Sec's

I don't know about the rest of you but I certainly had a very nice

ALL HAIL! AND FAREWELL . . .



Front row, left to right: Doris Barberie, Sophie Steele, Joan Zinc, Beverly Newlander, Irene Pasay, Dolores Borowski, Helen Boone, Nancy Dillon, Mary Castrucci, Evelyn Cardinal, Constance De Angelis, Cecilia Reed, Arlene Snider.

Second row, left to right: Dorthea Stultz, Colleen Cowdry, Christine Snow, Carol Zemdian, Marie Fessenden, Jean O'Neil, Marjorie Mulry, Lorretta Kaunis, Caroline Macell, Ann Zendzian, Carolyn Lisette, Maxine Christian.

Third row, left to right: Eleanor McNulty, Beverly Maki, Gail Erickson, Barbara Foley, Louise Gracie, Helen Beauchesne, Carol Duffy, Frances Belforti, Margaret Burke, Joanne Krutsky, Joanne Hill, Joan Laprade.

Not shown in the picture are: Paul Balcom, Clare Kore, and John Weldon.

Christmas with many presents to fill my greedy heart with joy. I still don't know what to do with the elephant my uncle sent me.

He's kind of an old uncle. I'm thinking of bringing him into class as a project for Mr. Shea to work on. While I'm on the subject, can I interest any of you in starting your own private zoo? You can have the elephant absolutely free and I'll even throw my uncle in to really get your zoo started . . . I'd like to take this opportunity to publicly thank those two smiling Irishmen, Beau-regard and Pilote for the beautiful Christmas cards they sent me. You really shouldn't have but since you did, why didn't you pay the postage? After all, six cents is six cents . . . Quite a few of our classmates got interesting and unusual presents this year. Rod Barry got a small portable radar set.

You can have the elephant absolutely free and I'll even throw my uncle in to really get your zoo started . . . I'd like to take this opportunity to publicly thank those two smiling Irishmen, Beau-regard and Pilote for the beautiful

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Sports

BOBBIN' AROUND !!

The sun is shining—OH HAPPY DAY!

The Lancers started off the new year right by downing the Lowell Teachers' Five, 91-45. The local troupe completely dominated the court throughout the night with all the boys breaking into the scoring column. Bill Ferris and Jackie Hayes paced the locals to their first win.

Worcester State continued their winning ways by dropping a strong, Lowell Textile Team, in their tracks, 80-79, in a losing overtime struggle. The Weavers who had previously beaten Clark and dropped a close one to Assumption, led all the way a full count press sparked by Jack Regle, Chick Simon, and Bill Ferris, and losing the game in the overtime period. Wild Bill Ferris, ex-South High ALL CITY STAR, led all scorers with a grand total of 31 points.

was Lois Goode with 13 points. On January 12 the Freshmen girls drubbed the Juniors, 49-29. Carol Marshall was high scorer for the Frosh with 17 points. Dolores Lord led the Juniors with 14 points.

The Frosh really have what it takes when it comes to basketball. Ask the upper classmen.

The Alumni are favored over the Freshmen at a game yet to be scheduled. Carol Marshall, the stellar performer with the Frosh, has a perfected push shot that might easily upset the former S.T.C. girls.

The combined Athletic Associations are planning a Winter Carnival which will be the first to be held here on the campus. The big week-end begins January 16. This affair is to raise funds for a scholarship which will be presented at a time to be announced.

M. C.

Note: The Freshmen girls upset the Alumni—Editor.

Tomolunius Says:

(Continued from Page 3)

thing (Kenton broke all records at the Palladium last year for at-

Going back to the country, an early season prediction seems to be coming true. As Leicester Junior dropped two games in the recent Binghamton Turney for Junior Colleges, and then lost two more this week to Springfield J. U.'s and Holyoke.

In the city, Clark University paced by Ralph Saunders, is in the Doldrums of a "beautiful" losing streak. I think it's about time somebody got Clark on our schedule, or are they afraid of losing prestige?

tendance, and it is an established fact that he employs the highest paid musicians in the U. S.) then his unique interpretations are most certainly a prominent part of today's music world.

So you see, Mr. LaRoque, if you can't keep up with the modern musical trends, then we'd suggest you stick to criticizing the only music you seem to understand; classical. If you want our nomination for the worst mistake that achieved any popularity in the last year, without hesitation we'd name Helen O'Connell's "Slowpoke."

"Auf Weidersehen, Sweetheart" sold well enough to come in third last year, but we doubt if we'll hear too much more from Vera Lynn in '53. Frank Sinatra, who has been recording lately purely for laughs, will probably give up making records altogether. We don't dare speculate on how Johnny Ray will stay up, but Frankie Laine will retain his high standing as far as the top of the recording heap is concerned, and will, we're sure, for many more years. Sunny Gale and Gerry Southern should fare better in the ensuing year and the Serter-Finnegan band earns our distinction of being called "the band most likely to succeed."

We'd like, as we obviated in the previous column, to see Tommy Edwards get ahead; we're looking forward to seeing the Four Aces keep up their splendid work for Decca; and also we're expecting bigger and better things from the newcomers of last year like Al Martino, Burt Taylor, and Joni James.

... And He Never Taught

By MILTON GRACE

I didn't know how a thing like that could happen to a fellow like him. It's one of those things you see and hear about all the time but about which you just don't think. That's the way it was. I didn't think about him and he just didn't think about it.

We spent nearly all of four years working side by side and plugging along all the way. In the beginning we were just happy to get by the first year, probably to prove to ourselves we were college level. It was tough. At least it was tough for us. We didn't know any tricks and we only knew that it meant hard work to push through something you had the feeling of being capable of doing. Using every intellectual resource we managed through the first year.

The summer broke the monotony of the long, hard grind and came the beginning of the second year we greeted each other with joy and satisfaction that we were ready again.

Cal and I were our own friends and were together like Siamese twins. He and I were alike. Our greatest difficulty was money. This prevented our participating in many activities probably leading many of our colleagues to believe we were satisfied in our own misery, although he had always roamed the echoing corridors with a song and whistle and most of the time, a smile.

That year went off much better but never-the-less not minus the fear that we wouldn't make it. It seems that you adjust to a situation like that. When you have to work hard, you gear yourself and worry, when the work eases up you loosen up but you still worry.

The winter passed; the summer, winter, and summer again. In the Fall the weather was that which reminded you of the Spring. So much was it that you watched a tennis game being played two seasons from now, two seasons before. You imagined that the first half passed and you passed with it. Now you were looking toward finals followed by vacation; when you came to, you went inside to combat the problems on hand.

Then it was the final year and so far we got through everything. We were well on our way to that teaching job. We thought over and over again about handling the classroom, drawing upon past experience of practice teaching for our visions; we thought of our reforms and ideas and bringing into the classroom a new birth of life; we thought of winning over a group of smiling faces with our marvelous ideas and techniques and instilling in them every ounce of personality we were capable of producing. Yes—and we also wondered whether or not we were good enough to handle the job, because we knew it was no ordinary job, unless you did it in an ordinary way; it was something that took more than mere effort, technique, style and hard work. It meant common sense linked with the extreme use of every other sense you possessed. Yes—and when we thought about it and worried we heard the good Dr. saying:

"The pleasure I received from the merits of my teaching career couldn't be bought with a million dollars. Rockefeller could never be this happy."

It was true and you knew it was true when you saw the deep happiness in his eyes and the sincere belief he had in his own convictions. He loved his work and when he

made his last farewell speech he reached inside your heart and made you say to yourself:

"That's for me! I'll be a good teacher. Maybe some day I'll be in his shoes and it sure will be wonderful to know that my children love me and keep me close to their hearts."

Then again you waken to realize the year is still ahead of you.

I knew Cal thought the same as I did and I also knew that he wanted teaching with all his heart. I couldn't figure out where it all went wrong. He was slipping and knew it. I told him to get on the ball: He said he was. He had the feeling that it would work out. Our colleagues didn't help him much. They would join in Noel, telling each other that no one would flunk them in their last year. They consoled their ignorance in the belief that no teacher could be heartless enough to keep them there when the world outside was waiting and we were all fools enough to accept our stupid theory.

Finally the tests came and he passed them all. As usual we rejoiced patting each other on the back and explaining how we deserved a better mark than that which was received. That was funny. Before the test we would have all been happy to take a passing mark without an argument. Now after we all passed we were angry with the results.

It was the last half of the fourth when we received our reports and this was the fatal step.

I detected a slight quiver in his voice the night he gave me a ring. Low pitched and sad he said:

"I failed!"

"You failed what?"

"I'm out. As the doc would say, 'Anyone that couldn't make the grade should be out and that's what I am. Out!'"

"What did you get? Who flunked you. You passed all the finals didn't you?"

"Yes—but the marks didn't average up right."

Yes—he knew then his mistakes. He flunked two subjects and though he tried he couldn't find time in his schedule to make them up. He realized that a failure in any other subject meant taking the year over. The thought of showing the people around him including his girl that he failed and couldn't make it depressed him so much that his marks were all bad and his bad marks made the next ones worse. Every time we talked his depressed state made me think of an observation by Josh Billings:

"When a feller gits tew sliding down hill it duz seem as tho everything hed bin specially greased for the occashun."

He slid from a can't-do-it to a don't-care attitude and it showed. I couldn't see his face when our names were called out in the graduation assembly but the Sunday we were all out doors and the speeches reflecting memories followed other speeches, I looked into his eyes. They were glassy and possessed a sad twinkle. I saw a tear roll down the cheek of this grown mature man and it made a hollow feeling inside me, making me wish it were I there, instead of him. When it was over, he disappeared and I haven't seen him since.

I find myself thinking about him now—now that I have a fine secure job and my colleagues have fine teaching positions and I keep thinking about how we were all teachers back at school—and how—he never taught.

The Symposium

(Continued from Page 2)

divisions have greatly furthered the national and international interrelation of cultural achievements. The economic recovery branch of the U. N. through detailed study, has given suggestion and material assistance to struggling, economically weak nations of the world. And this is just part of what could be done. It is evident that all the tools necessary for the realization of one world are at hand . . . they need only application.

We must educate ourselves to the facts of the

them. We must know its strength and support it. U. N. life. We must learn its faults and correct them. We all want peace, we must demand it. We must unleash our intracystical emotion of our love for peace. Our hope for peace is the United Nations, we must realize this fact. All these points add up to one important irrefutable certainty . . . we must be active and let our desires be known before it is too late and devastating war comes. For, in the words of Albert Einstein, "if the third world war is fought with atom bombs, the fourth will be fought with clubs." This might seem a bit pessimistic and yet is not too far from the truth.



W.A.A.

On December 16 the S. T. C. girls were defeated by the Clark girls at the Clark gym. Joan Bryson was high scorer. This was an exhibition game for all prospective referees in the city.

On January 7th the Freshmen girls edged the Sophomores, 31-28. Athunacea Bazakas was high scorer for the Frosh with 15 points. High scorer for the Sophomores

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